

A BIRD IN  
LINCOLN'S TOMB

BENNETT

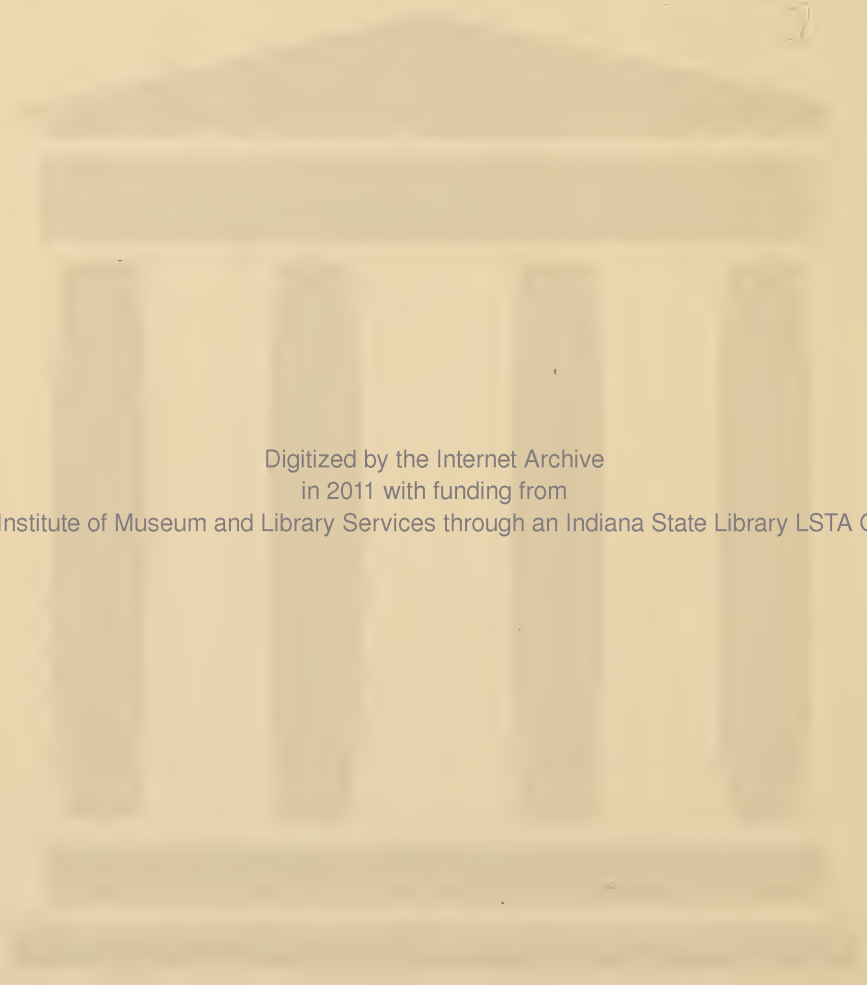
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# "A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB"

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EMILY THACHER BENNETT

*Author of "Song of the Rivers"*

"A little pause in life while daylight lingers,  
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,  
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,  
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes."

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**Dedication:**  
**IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF OUR SISTER.**



### A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB.

What name is thine? Art more than voice  
Song-bird thou canst not be!  
Thou seemest neither to rejoice  
Nor mourn, with tones so free!

With slow, delaying, pilgrim feet,  
Like one within the vail,  
I pause to rest, and tones more sweet  
Commingle with thy wail!

Lo! all the choristers of Spring,  
Around this holy spot,  
Tender returning strophes sing,  
For Lincoln unforgot!

\* \* \* \* \*

Beside Ohio's curving stream,  
On that death-darkened morn,  
The rush of an appalling dream  
To my young ears was born.

Assassination! Ingrate word!  
Millions wept long and sore;  
My little life was sadly stirred,—  
Time moved it more and more.

Oh, priceless boon! I've lived to count  
My country's pulse with mine;  
In love to climb this sacred mount  
That holds this precious shrine!

What more is grief, or bliss, or care,  
The space left one to breathe?—  
Hands that have touched this granite fair  
No other urn would wreath.

The lilacs of that April day  
Drooped when our Martyr fell,  
When his vast land in mourning lay,  
And none its woe could tell.

Pity the woman's heart that here  
 No dew hath left to shed!  
 Condole the man who owns no tear  
 For this most noble dead!

We charge you, guard his ashes well!  
 From year to year your guard  
 The pathos of his death shall tell,—  
 No more could bay or bard.

Statesman of his devoted State,  
 Where once the Illini  
 Numbered their hordes, a people great  
 For progress doomed to die,

We of the Commonwealth implore,  
 Me charge, aye, we command,  
 Watch you his rest forevermore,  
 So long his fame shall stand!

---

#### RENEWAL.

Deep in the solemn groves of pine,  
 Within the sounds of distant mills,  
 I saw, between two sister hills,  
 A fringed and golden orchis shine.

The trees like spires ascended tall,  
 Their earthmost branches narrowed low;  
 And oft their singing tones would flow  
 To meet a cadenced waterfall.

My orchis—it was mine and God's—  
 Had but a little light and space  
 Wherein to grow and say its grace,  
 Where naught else bloomed nor greened the sods.

The pungent odor of the woods,  
 The yellowed spines that once were leaves,  
 All o'er the ground like shattered sheaves,  
 To Melancholy's favorite moods.

One day I had complained and sighed,  
 As many a traveling soul has done,  
 For something never found or won—  
 Ideals and hopes ungratified.

And now I said, " Love " is not love !  
 Let *life* the softer word supplant,  
 High heaven the crown unfading grant,  
 Nor trusted be earth's mask of love!

Alone I sat in that dun shade  
 Beside the glorious orchid flower,  
 One sad, retrieving Autumn hour,  
 And culled a thought that shall not fade.

I dared not break its slender stem,  
 The solitary spike that grew,  
 Denied a bath of nectar dew,  
 Rival of Beauty's diadem!

If stars in the celestial sphere  
 Are thoughts of God from age to age,  
 Flowers, the lovely and the sage,  
 Bring angel meditations near.

Sweet messengers of all that's fair,  
 Blooming below so bright and brief;  
 Stigma, stamen and iris leaf,  
 Shall be renewed—the tale's not rare.

No mystery of love or law  
 Is more mysterious than bloom;  
 Cause, germ, result the tomb,  
 One Mind forecast, one Eye foresaw.

My orchis blossomed many a day;  
 It faded never—faith remains  
 To bear the soul from grief and stains  
 And all the legions of decay.

## BIRD VOICES.

We list them in our Northern clime,  
 We near to Nature's heart,—  
 More happily than where the lime,  
 And kindred trees impart  
 Perpetual joy of bloom,  
 And fruits of rich perfume.

More precious when the wintry snows,  
 And tempest cold are gone;  
 When once again unfolds the rose  
 And lily, 'neath the sun,  
 In free, unprisoned air  
 Of wayside and parterre.

To-day I listened—"Can it be?"  
 I said with none to hear;  
 The Robin's call so clear and free,  
 From city house-top near!  
 Toward an unbuilt nest  
 The bird had paused to rest.

O voice attuned so pure and sweet,  
 By no measured "scale" of art!  
 In music God bestowed, complete,  
 Fearless of man or mart!  
 Bird, cleaving atmospheres,  
 What mean these timid tears?

I see thee not, and thou art gone,  
 With thy love-panting breast;—  
 A memory for me alone,  
 Dear, unexpected guest!  
 Thou hast no thought for me  
 But I am glad for thee!

---

"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,  
 It may but thunder and pass o'er."  
 —Sir Walter Scott.

There's a scent of roses on the air,  
 A heaven in the wave;  
 The lilies by the rill have bloomed,  
 And green is "Robie's" grave;  
 'Tis spring again—I feel its power,  
 Though sadder than before  
 Are all its forms of loveliness,  
 On island, sea or shore;  
 But why this more than restless life?  
 O why these gloomy hours?  
 Friends love me still; and song is mine,  
 And hope still dewes its flowers;  
 Alas! my native land, alas!  
 Thick clouds obscure its stars,  
 Its flags bright folds do not conceal  
 The thunder-bolts of Mars!  
 Columbia! my heart expands  
 In hopes wild thrill for thee,  
 Thou gem of ocean's wide expanse  
 Elysium of the free!  
 My soul, be not despondent now,  
 Implore Jehovah's hand—  
 The God of Justice, Love, and Truth,  
 To save my Fatherland!



## LIGHT AND SHADE.

Spring suns have lit the hills,  
 Late frosts congealed the rills,  
 And from the rainbow's wreath  
 Hues of forboding death

Have painted autumn's leaf;—  
 Spring hath unfolded flowers,  
 Soft summers sat in bowers  
 Of bloom and shade and sheaf;—  
 Beauty hath sung her songs  
 To all Earth's moving throngs,  
 Till thou and I, at last,  
 Have met as in the past,—  
 Met once again, to sigh  
 With memory in "good-by."

O life so sweet and grand!  
 O Friendship clasping hand!  
 Let no unsunned complaint  
 Our graceful feeling taint;  
 No rankling fruitlessness  
 Retard the growing tree  
 Of life's felicity;

Nor force to growth's excess  
 A labyrinth of thought,  
 Till damps of ruin wrought  
 With love's unseen decay,  
 Blossom and bud betray.

Though hands unclasped reach forth  
 Toward West, or East, or North,  
 Through slow and changeful years;  
 Though unillumined tears  
 Wet solitary cheeks,  
 While tides of annual weeks  
 Move down the plains of time;  
 Though bells of sorrow chime,  
 And life's lone labor lays  
 Across the heart's fair ways  
 Obstructions hard and vast,—  
 Stil hope unto the last.

## A LAMENT.

There's something in the world  
 That I have never found;  
 It hath an ancient name,  
 With a complacent sound;  
 Methinks it blossom'd like old Aaron's rod,  
 In mystic times beneath the smile of God.

Poets have hymned its rare,  
 Unchanging attributes;  
 Philosophers declare  
 It once bore golden fruits;  
 God's children seek it o'er the Christian earth  
 Sorrow is loth to credit its pure birth.

Millions have lived and died,  
 Nor left a word or sign  
 Of gratitude for this  
 Sweet ministry divine;  
 And I, alas! not blind, may do the same—  
 I only know its honest fame and name.

This treasure so supreme  
 Is rarely known to kings;  
 It loves the cots and dells  
 Where daisy verdure springs;  
 And never laid its peaceful head upon  
 Imperial pillows made of eider-down.

Friends do ye ask me why  
 My manhood's hasting years  
 Have faided to find this cure  
 For multiplying years?  
 This potent "stone," "elixir," "amulet"—  
 This wealth that never bought a coronet!

First let me speak its name,  
 Then look into your souls,  
 And put the question home,  
 Where thought's vast current rolls;  
 And ye may know the mighty reason why  
 Ye never were content, nor ever I.

## EASTERN OFFERINGS.

Meek Mary Magdelene!  
In all the ages gone,  
The sacred story told of thee,  
When rose the Holy One,  
Hath never lost its power.

And now the Easter dawning,  
With rose and lily-bloom,  
Commemorates the morning,  
When "first beside the tomb,"  
Thy heart bemoaned the hour!

Lo! angels fair and shining,  
Where "the stone was rolled away"  
And One thy grief divining  
More glorious than they,  
Divinely called thee,—“Mary!”

O woman like no other  
Favored upon the earth,  
Save her the Saviour's mother;  
His resurrection birth  
First spoke thy name—'twas Mary!

---

## TO AN EDITOR ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

O fair as scenes Elysian!  
O bright as stars that burn  
In summer's cloudless skies,  
For thee be Hope's sweet vision  
Upon thy day's return—  
Presaging Paradise!

Serene, with memories tender,  
Look on thy noble past;  
Some fadeless bloom and splendor  
In its horoscope were cast;

Some shadows from life's mountains  
 Fell often on thy ways;  
 While joys like gems o'er fountains,  
 Have crowned thy gentle days!

Light ineffable is near thee,  
 While slow thy sun declines;  
 Justice and truth endear thee  
 To men of taintless minds;  
 And tho' perversion try thee,  
 Never thy soul will yield;  
 To sordid schemes—nought buy thee—  
 A traitor for a Potter's field!

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#### EASTER MORNING.

A morn it was like this;  
 First numbered in the "Christian Years;"—  
 Judea's temples shone  
 For God: for Christ the Son  
 His sad disciples in their tears,  
 Through dreary days and nights  
 Saw not the starry lights.

A shining morn like this;  
 Succeeding one of doleful loss,  
 When in their love and gloom  
 Early around the tomb,  
 The Marys of the holy Cross  
 Dolorous, sighed and stood,  
 In mournful attitude.

A morn of hope like this:—  
 "Mary!" the living Saviour said;—  
 Hearts never thrilled like hers,  
 Lovers or worshippers,—  
 No horoscope of time  
 Forecast that scene sublime!

A vernal day like this;  
 In that prophetic long ago;—  
 New stir of lustrous streams!  
 Beauty's enchanting dreams!—  
 O hallowed season long ago,  
 By dual rainbows spanned,  
 From gates to Beulah Land.

On that fair day like this;  
 In bright and sacred Palestine  
 Rang no funeral bell;  
 There for the Israel  
 Of God, arose The Prince divine,  
 From His so transient grave,  
 Believing souls to save.

On that spring day like this,  
 Olives anear Jerusalem,  
 And precious Calvary,  
 In dark green lacery  
 Symbolled for peace with silent hymn;  
 And lilies smiled more sweet  
 Before His noiseless feet.

That Easter day like this  
 Perfume of Earth's most regal flower,  
 From Old Damascus, kissed  
 The ascension robes of Christ,  
 And for His coming triumph hour,  
 Low cyclamens were bowed  
 In delicate accord.

In that springtime like this,  
 Perchance the softly green and wild  
 Acacias gemmed, with dew,  
 Tremulously knew  
 Their thorny branches wild,  
 For Jesus crucified,  
 A cruel crown supplied.

\* \* \* \* \*

O joyous morn and day!  
 Easter for all recurring years!  
 Alleluia festival!  
 Feast all their own may call;—  
 Symphonious with celestial spheres;—  
 Music and bloom and praise,  
 Always for Easter days.

Passion Week, 1890.

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TESTIMONIES.

The melancholy murmur  
 Of the sea-shell's coral throat;  
 The wild-flowers sighing cadence,  
 When zephyr wakes its notes;

"A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB."

The song-bird's wandering warble  
 That saddens while it cheers;  
 The brooklet's broken story  
 To still and stony ears;  
 The rest before the tremor  
 Ere pine-boughs toss the air;  
 The tones that leafless forests  
 To winter's snows declare;—  
 Ah! what are these confessions  
 Through regnant nature grand,  
 But time's assurance, telling  
 Of an eternal land!

The minister's signal chiming;  
 The roll of battle drum;  
 The mountain passes' echo;  
 The summers insect's hum;  
 The lightning's wild concussion;  
 The cascade's whispering foam;—  
 The wanderer's mournful chanson,  
 Calling for friends and home;  
 The chords of love that binds us,  
 And sweets of love that thrill;  
 Regrets, and strifes, and pleasures,—  
 All woes that heal or kill;  
 The sowing, growth, and harvest,  
 Suns, seasons, years and hours;  
 The voices of all things living;  
 The soul's advancing powers;—  
 O what are these expressions  
 Of God's creative will  
 But promises eternal,  
 His future shall fulfil!

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FLOWERS FOR EASTER.

Darlings of field and forest,  
 Garden, conservatory,  
 Bloom for the Easter story;  
 Damascus roses folden  
 In rich and royal splendor,  
 Viola's petals tender;  
 Lilies of legends olden;  
 Iris of classic name,  
 Dyed heavenly blue and gold;  
 Carnation's spicy fold,



With laurel leaves of fame.  
 Lilacs in fragrant masses;  
     Sweet waxen hyacinthus;  
     Narcissus, asphodelus;  
 The calla's snowy chalice;  
     Pensive anemone;  
     Crowns of Magnolia tree;  
 Camelia's sculpture palace;  
     Sweet herbs of fragrant breath,  
 Blue-bells of Canterbury;  
 Clusters of plum and cherry,  
     Acacia and verdant heath.

---

## EASTER GLADNESS.

Seraphs and saints, and angels, sing  
 The resurrection of the King!  
 Again rejoice with praise and bloom;  
 This is the morn He left the tomb.

List! O list the melody  
 Of alleluias in the sky;  
 Filling ethereal spaces far,—  
 Remotest realms of world and star.

Carols of joy! 'Tis Easter-tide!  
 Echoes o'er Earth dispersing wide,  
 Signal the crowing of the year, —  
 Anthem and chime and choral clear.

Lilies of legends pure and sweet,  
 Before the risen Saviour's feet,  
 Bend with no stroke of hand or weight,—  
 Adoring Christ immaculate!

Roses for royal beauty grown;  
 Violets for the faithful sown;  
 Mimosa, tremulous for love,—  
 These bring your fealty to prove.

Fairy azalea blossoms white;  
 Primroses opened in the night;  
 Sprays of a gentle symbol vine,—  
 All these and more for Jesus twine,

Gladness with song and full hosannas;  
 Festive, fond hearts and emblem banners  
 Perpetuate for future time  
 Our Christian Festival sublime.

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### SEA AND SHORE.

I stand by one  
 And am with God alone;  
 No heed of thoughtless throngs,  
 Asking no heartless songs,  
 Surges in solemn play,  
 Forward, break and away,  
 Eager to seek the source  
 Of all their grace and force.

Dead shells; white shoal of sand,—  
 Millions of grains on my hand—  
 What years they'd count for thee!  
 Fractions of infinity,—  
 Periods perihelion,  
 Nearing Life's Almighty Sun.

Hear now, upon this shore,  
 Waves chanting, "nevermore"—  
 "Ever and evermore";—  
 Which echo shall I say  
 Many and many a day,  
 While bloom and fade the flowers,  
 On this fair world of ours!

Thus standing, friend, am I,  
 Enrapt with sea and sky;  
 Exultant that inwrought  
 Is mine with Sovereign thought,  
 Which none can subjugate,  
 Demon, or man, or fate.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis said we have lived before,  
 On some distant unknown shore;  
 In a happy realm of youth,  
 And never clouded truth.  
 Was love our being then,  
 Sweeter than hearts of men  
 And woman ever knew,—  
 Purer, more certain true?



Was there no need of hope;  
 Of pride with peace to cope,—  
 Aught in that lucent life,  
 Thorned and armed for strife?  
 No omens in dear eyes;  
 For sympathy no sighs;  
 For houre expected fair  
 No failure or despair.

Did blight of bud or bloom  
 Waste any rich perfume?  
 Did syllables of wrong  
 Hush any joyous song,  
 Or tender impulse chide,  
 For love unsatisfied?

None answers: intervenes  
 Some weird, memorial scenes,  
 Then Palmyrian solitude,  
 Where voiceless spirits brood.

Priestess or oracle,  
 Shall I your future tell?  
 Harps and organs of the sea  
 Tinkle and intone for thee!  
 Learn their melody—their psalm—  
 Sing true, and thou shalt rest in holy calm  
 and balm.

---

A SONG ON A SLATE.\*

Among dropped leaves last autumn dead,  
 'Neath newly budding trees,  
 I've seen the small wind-flower shed  
 Its snow-flakes for the breeze;  
 It seemed to say, "Our early bloom  
 Like all that live, must find its tomb."

I've seen the scentless tulip hold  
 Its ruby-mottled vase,  
 To catch some flakes of sunbeam gold,  
 In summer's joyous chase;  
 The tulip could not pray, but well  
 Jehovah's love the flower could tell.

\*Written on a boy's slate.

I've seen the apple-blossoms rain  
 Their pink-white wealth and sweet,  
 Upon the grass, as if no pain  
 Could ever sting young feet;  
 And while my own walked slowly on,  
 I thought of many seasons gone.

I've seen the orchis in the wood,  
 Beneath low boughs of pine,  
 Whose spires were pointing up toward God,—  
 Their Maker, yours and mine,  
 Its graceful fringes loved the shade—  
 No price for robes like these is paid.

I've seen the sumach's wondrous eyes,  
 On many colored leaves,  
 As though the rainbows left the skies,  
 And broke, like loose-bound sheaves,  
 To paint them as no brush can paint;  
 I thought how soon such leaves shall faint!

I've seen, touched by the soft, new snows  
 Winter's first day was bringing,  
 The petals of an autumn rose,  
 While Sabbath bells were ringing,  
 Fold close again, refuse to bloom;  
 They seemed to say, "We have no room."

But somewhere there is room for all—  
 All beauty, life and love;  
 Christ said the sparrows never fall  
 Unseen by God above!  
 Forever shall heaven's roses fair  
 Perfume the never chilling air.

---

#### CRICKET SONG.

Cricket, Cricket, Cricket,  
 Grillo, Grillo, Grillo,  
 Chirping in the thicket,  
 Tell me what I wish to know,—  
 Meaning of your voice!

Cricket, petted by the Greeks,  
 When the earth was almost young; ♪  
 Singing in September weeks,—  
 With your little tuneful tongue,  
 Does your heart rejoice?

"Grillo." 'Where few birds in Spain,  
Sing "mong mountains high and old ;  
There in lonely glen and plain,  
He is cheery, free and bold,  
With his happy voice.

Let us just a minute, see,  
Cricket, if you're black or white;—  
Are you by the lilac tree,  
Where we thought you hid last night  
With your music voice?

Naughty Cricket, you will not!  
Do you always live alone?  
Mayhap fairies know the spot  
Where you sleep when summer's gone,  
When you make no noise!

---

## TRUE AND UNTRUE.

A promise broken is the same,  
Though it be great or small!  
By "change of mind" great sorrow came  
From Adam to us all!

---

Silky Mouse and Moussey Gray  
Lived in a garret far away  
From the parlor and the cook;  
But they sometimes crept to look  
Upon the dainties there,  
So much there was to spare  
Of cracker, crumbs, and cake, and cheese ,  
Their little eyes and mouths to please.

Brother and sister mice were they;  
Just how it was they couldn't say,  
But a trap had caught their mother,  
Their father and a brother;  
And when they didn't come  
Back to their secret home,  
Then wisely each concluded that  
They both must hunt, if they'd grow fat.

They cuddled in their cotton nest,  
Deep in an ancient oaken chest,  
Whose cover was fastened close;—  
"Aha! now, nobody knows  
How we got in," they said,  
"Nor who first made our bed;  
Our open door is hidden well,  
And neither of us will ever tell!"

And when they heard, too near their box,  
Voices of children, "A cunning fox  
Couldn't guess that we are here,"  
Said Silky to her "dear;"  
And if a boy jumped on the lid,  
Still whispered one, "were surely hid!"

Now in a chamber of the house,  
Well known to Miss and Mister Mouse,  
A little girl lay ill;  
Better she grew, but still  
She long upon a sofa there,  
Must be content, and could not share  
The out-door games, nor run  
About for exercise, or fun.

So, many a crumb and fruity seed  
Fell from her velvet-cushioned bed,  
From delicacies brought to her;—  
One day, alone and still, a stir  
List'ning she scarcely heard;  
"It's not, I'm sure, a wandering bird,  
Nor a cricket slipping out,  
To rest himself and look about,"  
She thought, and then beside  
Her satin shoe a mouse she spied!

"I'll be his friend," the sweet girl thought,  
And when her dinner-tray was brought,  
She saved some bits to offer him,  
And then reclined her head to dream,  
While little mousie flew  
And called his sister too  
That she might share the dainty feast  
Which proves him not a selfish beast.  
But what was his chagrin to find  
That she'd found something to her mind,  
And was nebbling away as fast as she could  
You see she was bad while her brother was good.

## TO A POET ACROSS THE SEA.

I dreamed thou gav'st me gems  
Of wondrous lustre and cost;  
And while my still heart I crossed,  
Like one who has touched the hems  
Of our High Priest's risen attire,  
Behold! a censer of fire,  
Like a lightning flash of storms,  
Destroyed their rapturing light,  
Then mantled the ashes in night.

I thought of their radiant form,  
Emerald and amethyst,  
Diamonds all the stars had kissed  
Ruby of the rose's heart,  
And the jacinth's splendid ray,  
Then folded my hands to pray.  
I sought no magical art  
My beauteous things to restore,  
Nor knew I whom to implore.  
My eyelids closed in despair,  
Then ope'd on a scene most fair,  
A glorious vale of flowers!  
Each bloom was inscribed with a name  
'Twas thine, son of song and of fame!  
Thy fancies were fruits in the bowers!

Then whispered a voice, "'Tis thine,  
This ideal realm, and mine!  
Memory and hope immortal,  
Reflection and tender thought,  
Its vistas of peace have inwrought;  
And we will adorn its portal  
With evergreen vine and bough,  
And sybilline mistletoe!  
Take heart, then, friend afar!  
Grand waves are singing to me  
Thy memory o'er the sea;  
There's magic in every star  
That dips its rays in the amber west,  
And summons the winds to rest!  
As shadows transposing may blend,  
Again shall thy path and mine  
Unite in one, or entwine—  
Again will I joy in my friend!



## NOVEMBER ROSEBUDS.

The frost had chilled and killed the late autumnal violets,  
 And golden-hearted asters, with white or azure coronets;  
 Purple and yellow chrysanthemums in crowding clusters  
                   bowed—

In all the garden not a tree, or shrub, or vine looked  
                   proud.

Some boys were "laughing in their sleeve" that winter  
                   was at hand;

Some birds were sailing overhead to find a summer land;  
 I, in my heart, was thinking of a distant summer, too,  
 Where fruits our eyes have never seen will grow for  
                   spirits true:

And then I had a thought as sweet as any opened rose,  
 For through the panes that soon would bar the multi-  
                   tude of snows,

I spied two perfect buds which frolic frost had left un-  
                   harmed,

And hastened out to take them in—as if they should be  
                   warmed!

I thought their rounded crimson petals would then un-  
                   fold for me,

In God's and Nature's love and fragrant blooming  
                   mystery.

I placed them in a costly vase shaped like a folding leaf;  
 Day after day—they opened not—was mine a sinful  
                   grief?

My buds had grown too late; in cold or heat they could  
                   not open!

Ah! it is not so with holy thoughts, life's pleasant buds  
                   of hope!

Springing from pure and prayerful minds, here they  
                   begin to grow;

In heaven their richer bloom God's grace and love to us  
                   shall show.

How sweet 'twill be to gather flowers in sinless Para-  
                   dise,

And to behold them, soul and soul, seen by the Saviour's  
                   eyes!

Never a bud, and ne'er a heart shall there be chilled by  
                   frost;

Never a smile of feeling's bloom shall wither and be lost.

## ANNIVERSARY.

## In Memoriam.

An aureole purple fringed,  
O'er crowns a rounded year;  
To-day a heart with mourning tinged,  
Finds solace in the tear,  
Which on a flower-clustered grave,  
One white-rayed aster b- may lave.

To-day no memories suffice  
To keep her presence here;  
As ere she entered Paradise,  
She smiled from year to year;  
Nor would I bring my mother down,  
Where Earthly shades must veil her crown.

On some to-morrow yet to be,  
My soul shall speed to her;  
I know she waits to welcome me,  
Sweet hope of life's transfer;  
No counting them, of vanished years;  
No pictures of the "Vale of tears."

Though buried here beside the sea,  
Within a Berkshire dell,  
The birth-spot loved so faithfully,  
Regreted long and well,—  
Her spirit-thought may rest to-day,  
Fondly as when she went away.

Upon Earth's dim, dividing "coast,"  
The vistas seem so far!  
Yet yonder shines the blissful host,  
And there the glory star!  
Lo! when these mortal clouds are drawn,  
Life's swet Eternity of dawn!

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THE LITTLE VISITOR.

"I guess I'm very homesick—  
I's sorry, aunty Brown;  
I'm sure that I had rather  
Not stay in your big town!

"A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB."

"I cannot wait for mamma  
And sister Dell to come,  
And so you'll please to take me  
To-morrow to my home.

"I love my little cousins,  
I'll come, perhaps, again;  
But I do feel so homesick—  
I want to play with Jane.

"I want to see the chickens,  
And morning-glories blue;  
I want to climb the hay-mow—  
Don't want to see things new!

"Wish I could go this minute,  
How can I wait all day?  
I wish pa's buggy wagon  
Would only come this way.

"Is forty miles so many  
I could not walk, you think?  
Just let me try, good aunty,  
I'll only stop to drink.

"Where my pa lets his horses,  
When they're tired and warm  
Just two miles from the village,  
On this side of the farm.

You told me that the city  
Was bright, and nice, and gay;  
I'm sure it is not pretty  
As meadows are to-day!

"Don't scold me, auntie never, . .  
I'm very, very sad;  
I'm sorry that you brought me,  
'Cause I seem so naughty bad.

"Do take me home to-morrow—  
Your governess, Miss Snell,  
Can go in your nice carriage—  
Goody! There's ma—there's Dell! "

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\*

Yes, while the little maiden,  
The country cousin, Nell,  
Was mourning her first trouble,  
There came her ma, and Dell.



And right before the window  
 The farmer's wagon stood;  
 The horses patient as if resting  
 In shade of leafy wood.

Then she was sad no longer,  
 But wanted ma to stay  
 And see the busy city,  
 With Dell, another day.

So wishes sometimes please us,  
 Like prayers that Jesus hears;  
 Answers may come before we  
 Have time to dry our tears.

## JUBILANT.

Thrilling, filling fervent hearts with spirit sweetness,  
 Responsive to the modulated fleetness  
     Of melodious sound;  
     With fairy bound,  
 And heavenly eye the new Spring comes!

With gentle eloquence persuading  
 The seasons: with newly-honeyed lading;  
     Violets to sow  
     Where left the snow  
 Its dewy changes, glad Spring comes!

Luxuriant as happy youth, contrasting  
 With all decay her bright and everlasting  
     Dreams of delight;  
     Crowned with her white  
 And azure crocuses, she comes!

From banks of hyacinthe and sweet narcissus,  
 With chaste and rosy mouth she bends to kiss us,  
     Breathing perfume;  
     Sibyl of bloom,  
 In ecstasy of life, she comes!

She will not leave us! Hope says never, never!  
 Nature and Spring are wedded now forever!  
     The bridal maids  
     Through everglades  
 Of joy shall sing and dance: she comes!

## A JUNE MIDNIGHT.

While solemn stars are sentinels  
Unfolding roses sleep;  
Silent into their grass-lined wells  
The gathering dew-drops creep.

The bird sings but in memory ;  
The cricket's chirp is hushed;  
Lights not the mother's ardent eye  
O'er cradle pillows crushed.

Solicitude's forgotten task  
Love's fears need not remove;  
Its wings in dreamland's valley bask,  
Love trembles not with love.

No zephyrs stir, the hanging leaves  
Of arbor draperies;  
No slumbering mate-shorn lily grieves  
For one it no more sees.

Pale at the feet of regal night,  
They droop their lovely brows,  
Dreaming in purity's delight  
Of hueless, distant snows.

Dispelling mist-clouds lightly hang  
In silver Dian's sheen,  
As when the youthful astrals sang,  
Creation's pauses 'tween.

The river's \* gentle shimmer, makes  
Reflections shimmer, too,  
While prescient, sleepless fancy takes  
Joy in the daylight's hue.

No ivied minster's chime reveals  
The number of the hours;  
But through the southern lattice steals  
A tale of tropic flowers.

O, how encouraging and chaste  
Is every object here!  
Alas! the ceaseless, reckless waste,  
The guilt that thrives so near!

\* "La Belle Riviere.."

Yonder a city's towers rise  
 Above a circling plain;  
 Dim o'er it hangs the smoke that tries  
 To hide God's sky in vain.

---

## RESURRECTION.

Through last year's halcyon days,  
 In ruby tints and gold,  
 Fruits rich and manifold,  
 From blossom disk and rays,  
 Ripened as God hath said.

Within the fruit the seed;  
 Within the seed the germ,  
 All safe from frost and storm;  
 Itself its ample need,  
 For life's renewal fair.

Never the sun forgets  
 The smallest germ's demand,  
 When breaks its embryo band;—  
 Acorn or violet,—  
 A future tree or flower.

Hill-slope and wood and plain,  
 Garden and orchard dell,  
 Limit their mild farewell,  
 With ne'er a doubt or pain  
 For leaves in spent perfume.

Always their joys return,  
 Through Love's creative plan,  
 Perennial for man;—  
 Surely as asters burn,  
 Life's death is life again.

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## THE DANDELION'S CLOCK.

It never tells the time of day  
 Till its golden bloom has passed away;  
 Then if the airy globe of down  
 You very gently breath upon,  
 Some children say it surely shows  
 The present hour by downy rows.

“A BIRD IN LINCOLN’S TOMB.”

If then you blow, blow-o-o, blow-o-o,  
With gentlest breath—no one can show  
You how, if rude and swift you are,  
Each tiny down is like a star  
In filmy rays, but not in light,  
See! as you blow the airy flight!

Blow all the down of seeds away  
That does not try to cling and stay;  
Then “make believe in fun,” or “play”  
You do not know the passing hour,  
And so this early ripened flower  
Will tell you in its fairy way.

’Tis thus we show how flowers speak  
To those who will their stories seek;  
For more than beauty are they made,  
As Solomon the wisest said;  
Both dandelions and lilies, too,  
Telling God’s work, dear child, to you.

---

THE HILL OF LIGHT.

The Lord dwells in his holy hill,  
His mountain home of light;  
Many a pure and lustrous rill  
Flows down to cheer the night.

Rills of his goodness, love and power,  
That bless us, too, by day,  
As rains revive a drooping flower,  
As suns send storms away.

But God has other homes than this:—  
His home is everywhere—  
In mansions of immortal bliss,  
In hearts that warm with prayer.

From all the worlds that he has made,  
In elements that stir,  
He says to us, “Be not afraid,”  
And soothes each worshiper.

And from his high and holy hill  
We hear no mighty voice,  
For Jesus softly speaks to still  
Our fears, and we rejoice.

This mount from whence the mercies flow  
We faintly may behold,  
When with sweet trust and faith we bow,  
As good men did of old.

We see not with our mortal eyes;  
'Tis by the Spirit's grace  
Our souls enraptured seem to rise  
And view the holy place.

And though the mount be far too high  
For feeble feet to climb,  
We may in His eternity  
Ascend it height<sup>•</sup>sublime.

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## BIRD HOMES.

Above a chamber's window,  
Under a cornice covered  
With leafless vines enlaced,  
Sparrows guard well their coverts,  
Whence up and down they hovered,  
While the fair swift summer passes.

Over the winter lattice  
And inside verdure, smiling  
With promise of new seasons,  
This family of sparrows  
Ask never who is willing,  
Nor care for any "reasons."

And when at dawn they twitter,  
And waken me from slumber  
In "winter-time" too early;  
I almost wish the sparrows  
Killed by the boys who number  
Their pranks for grumblers surly.

But in the noon and even,  
The birds are so endearing,  
So kind to love the city,  
Our wintry season cheering  
I think, it is God's pity  
That sparrows should be hunted.

## LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Fragrant, fluted, waxen bells  
Drooping on their stem;  
Honey in their secret cells—  
Jesus cares for them.

Bells just large enough to ring  
Little dewdrops from dreams;  
Who it is that pulls the string,  
Ask the meadow streams.

Who may hear them ringing?  
Butterflies and bees;  
Birds, when they stop singing,  
Flying from the trees.

Almost hid 'mong banners green,  
When the June airs move;  
Nothing rude can come between  
Lilybel and its love.

You must look so very close  
Sometimes for them there;  
Daisy neighbors say the rose  
Never visits there.

You must listen very low,  
For such sound as this;—  
Many things you yet may know,  
In the world of bliss!

Cousins have they, rich and great,  
Lilies grand and gay;  
Brocaded lilies dressed in state,  
Dazzling far away.

Lilies of Japan remote,  
And of Amazon;  
Callas that on Nilus float;  
Lilies of the sun.

"Were the valley lilies mine,"  
Sings a little child,  
"I would have them brighter shine,  
And not grow so wild!"



“Were they mine,” an old man says,  
 Walking near to God,  
 “I’d not change their simple dress,  
 Growing near the sod.”

Made for all by Hand divine—  
 Hand that best knew how—  
 Neither are they his nor thine,  
 Child of sunny brow!

---

## CAVERN PALACE.

Come, listen to my rhyming story!  
 A castle, quaint and grand,  
 Was built before the days heroic,  
 And by no mortal hand!  
 No ancient, firm and classic columns  
 Upheld its architraves;  
 No grace of marble-cut acanthus—  
 It secreted waves.

The sun around it threw no splendor  
 When low the base was laid;  
 Fair moons gave no poetic lustre  
 To gild what there was made:  
 ’Twas deep below earth’s forming surface,  
 And earth was youthful then!  
 The angels, cherubim and seraphim,  
 Perchance had dreamed of men.

These silent chambers, halls and stairways,  
 All carpetless, are stone;  
 The never-curtained oratory  
 Is fragmentary stone;  
 The dark, dark labyrinths are winding,  
 Narrow, and still, and weird!  
 No light, save bold explorers’ torches.  
 That soon look dim and tired.

No pen has traced the early annals  
 Of this deep structure’s scars;  
 But here are banquet-rooms deserted  
 Before historic wars!  
 The craggy sideboards hold no goblets;  
 There’s nothing here for use;  
 The rugged seats are cold and stony—  
 Sofas that gnomes might choose!

With waveless tide, as black as midnight  
 Unlit by starry glow,  
 Between these cavern-walls a river  
 Passes in current slow:  
 Sometimes across it careful paddles  
 Impel a shallow skiff,  
 And then the flicker of the lanterns  
 Reveals a mural cliff.

And they who paddle talk in echoes;  
 Wild echoes with them sing,  
 Roll and repeat their merry laughter,  
 And whispers almost ring!  
 A pistol fired for fun across it  
 Awake the echoes deep,  
 As if a hundred muskets battled  
 Grim giants long asleep!

If I shall tell you what the name is  
 Of this old castle grand,\*  
 You may aver, "'Tis not a castle,  
 For 't is not built by hand! "  
 But if you go to wander through it—  
 Suppose you are not too shy—  
 You'll say some Mighty Hand did build it—  
 His hand who spread the sky!

— — —

#### CHILD-VERSES FOR ADVENT.

Now one more year of Christian time  
 With Advent morning closes;  
 The summer vines no longer climb,  
 Nor grow the garden roses.

The Easter lilies faded soon,  
 And all the blossoms vernal;  
 Then come the flowers of fragrant June  
 To picture bloom eternal.

God has "preserved the fruits of earth "  
 For us to use in gladness;  
 Each one foretells our spirit's birth  
 From death, and sin, and sadness.

---

\* Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Visited by the writer.



Yes, every seed that in the ground  
 Must die before arising,  
 In his own mystery profound  
 Is life and love surprising.

And now the joyous birds that made  
 Their nests and sang so brightly,  
 In leafy grove and grassy glade,  
 Have flown away so lightly!

We know they'll come another spring,  
 From southern lands of beauty,  
 And tells us how our hearts should sing,  
 In gratitude and duty.

Now, in our happy Advent hours,  
 Of Winter and December,  
 As we twine wreaths and give our flowers,  
 Our Saviour to remember.

We'll give to those who are too poor,  
 Some Christmas toys and treasures;  
 And pray that every humble door  
 May open for His pleasures.

---

GOD'S VOICE.

We hear His voice in every summer breeze  
 That murmurs soft, and moves the leafy trees;  
 We hear it in the thunder's solemn sound,  
 And when the night wind whispers near the ground.

'Tis heard upon the ocean's mighty wave,  
 When storms rage high, and only He can save;  
 And when the ripples of the brooklets sing,  
 While flowers are bending o're the banks in spring.

God speaks when insects brush their wings, or trill  
 On clover fields, or on the grassy hill;  
 In echoes of the waterfalls that tell,  
 In lonely valleys, stories of farewell.

The music of the morn that sweetly floats  
 Upon the sea or air, from birdling throats,  
 Was never taught by human rule, or art—  
 God leads it, and it gladdens many a heart!

Yes, all the sounds of life and nature are  
 Voices from Him who balanced sun and star;  
 He hath some meaning in them all, and we  
 May learn it in His bright eternity.

Sea and shore

---

### BRIERS.

I know a wide and verdant field  
 Not fenced with cruel barbed wires,  
 Nor any fence at all;  
 But if by chance you fall  
 Your length upon this open field,  
 You'll scratch your face with cruel briers.

A very thorny ground it is;  
 One scarcely sees that it has use,  
 Not even for solitude;  
 Yet I am sure 'tis good,  
 Although few rambling footsteps choose  
 Its mimic stretch of wilderness.

Three churches stand not far from it;  
 A city, fair and old, is near—  
 A "village," as some say;  
 Few boys come here to play;  
 'Twas never called a playground dear—  
 The boyish taste it does not hit.

"Indeed, why should the boys like briers?"  
 Some smiling reader questions now,  
 And a boy is laughing loud—  
 I'd know him in a crowd.  
 Much good and beauty could I show  
 Amid these wild-rose thorns and briers.

The blackberry spines are thick and sharp,  
 But if you stand a little off,  
 And see the wild-rose flowers,  
 In the morn or evening hours—  
 Your hat you must not doff—  
 You'll think of some sweet poet's harp.

How many times they've sung the praises  
 Of roses wild and brief as these,  
 And told us of the thorn;  
 But this we thought forlorn  
 And needless in their harmonies,  
 And wish they'd sing again of daisies.

We like the cultured roses best,  
 And luscious garden berries, too,  
 Because their thorns are less,  
 And they've a finer dress;  
 Study is culture, boys, for you,  
 And souls are bright in virtue drest.

---

## THE SNOW-FLOWER.

[Harper's Magazine, of March, 1874, notes a remarkable discovery by Count Anthoskoff, in the year 1863, in Northern Siberia. A natural object, called the "Snow-Flower," is minutely described, and represented as springing from the frozen soil on the first day of the year, developing in three days in the form of an icy flower that "shines for a day, then returns to snow."]

It sprang from frost,  
 In the changeless cold  
 Of an Arctic spot:  
 Like a love-thought lost,  
 Its tale was told,  
 And then forgot!

Was the story true?  
 Let a sybil tell,  
 If this magic flower  
 From snowflakes grew,  
 And cast its spell  
 In a wonder hour!

Siberian gloom,  
 Where desolate  
 The earth remains;  
 A living tomb,  
 When cruel fate  
 Holds men in chains!

There ope'd the flower,  
 Where verdant leaf,  
 Nor fragrant bud,  
 Nor beauty's dower,  
 Has solaced grief  
 Or warmed the blood!

"It upward shoots  
 From frozen ground,"

A tall, fair thing,  
 Where blushing fruits  
 Are never found;  
 Where smiles no spring.

Three days and then  
 Its grace is seen,  
 A bloom of snow!  
 Scarce known to men,  
 Its fairy sheen  
 Returns to snow.

Shaped like a star,  
 Lo! 'tis a flower  
 With anthers fine—  
 Its seeds they are—  
 A wonder-flower,  
 Briefly to shine!

Its leaves are three,  
 With frost encased,  
 Like jewels clear;  
 A trinity,  
 A symbol chaste,  
 Who sees it there?

Immortal eyes,  
 Rapt seraphim,  
 The angelic host,  
 Whom no surprise,  
 Or senses dim,  
 Have stirred or crost.

---

#### TEARS AND SMILES.

Our human hearts must sometimes weep;  
 Sometimes we laugh and sing;  
 As in this world the seasons change  
 From autumn, winter, spring.

God never chides our mirth and joy  
 When innocent they are;  
 He likes to see a face as bright  
 As sunshine, flower or star.

He made our tears to flow as well,  
 In some way for our good,  
 As gentle showers may revive  
 A violet of the wood.

But never should we waste such dew,  
 For trifling things to cry;  
 Weeping to give our dear ones pain;  
 Sighing to make them sigh.

The Saviour wept when Martha wept,  
 And Mary's tears were shed;  
 When Lazarus, their brother, lay  
 Silent, and cold, and dead.

"Hadst thou been here he had not died,"  
 Speaks Mary while she weeps;  
 "Only believe," the Master says,  
 "He is not dead, but sleeps."

And many times before, the Lord,  
 Their loving friend had come  
 To sit with them in Bethany,  
 And cheer their little home.

And now the brother had been dead  
 Four dark and weary days;  
 When, with His sympathy divine,  
 He came the dead to raise.

And when he told them from the grave  
 To roll the stone away;  
 He lifted up his eyes to heaven,  
 As oft He did, to pray.

How wonderful it was to friends  
 Who stood around that "cave,"  
 When Jesus called the sleeper, bound  
 In grave-clothes, from his grave!

Often the blessed Saviour sighed  
 For human sin and woe;  
 He wept in love, in pain and grief,  
 For sorrows that we know.

How sweet it is on earth to feel  
 The pity of God's Son;  
 If Jesus with his friends would weep,  
 Hearts need not weep alone.

---

### THE EARLY CROCUS.

Herald of blooming bowers—  
 O white-robed, lovely thing!  
 Thy whisper links the flowers  
 With all the joys of Spring!



## "A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB."

Lifting the lifeless mould  
 Whence nature's life arises,  
 With sisters dressed in gold,  
 How sweet are your surprises!

Though Winter's heart—it seems—  
 Thy fragrance has defrauded,  
 It soothed poetic dreams,  
 When all thy grace was plauded.

We will not say, too soon  
 Thy loveliness retires,  
 Before the train of June,  
 Which all the world admires.

'Tis not too soo for thou,  
 God's messenger of light,  
 Hast told some mortals how  
 Duty may give delight.

And so thy snow<sup>\*</sup> leaves,\*  
 Of texture pure as truth,  
 In fancy's magic weaves  
 Heaven's drapery of youth.

And thus meek hearts are shown  
 That somewhere beauty cheers,  
 Lit by Love's radiant sun,  
 Unchanged by changeful years.

Then, Crocus fair, retire,  
 And let the rose advance  
 In Summer's warm desire,—  
 Ye never come by chance!

---

 PICKING DAISIES.

A very little lady girl,  
 With soft blue eye and flaxen curl,  
 With tiny red morocco shoes,  
 On feet such as a doll might choose,  
 If dolls could ever speak;  
 A rose leaf on each cheek;  
 A narrow dress of linen white;  
 A sky-blue sash of satin bright;  
 And there she stands upon a stone  
 Where some gray lichens like to grow;

---

\*Petals.

Almost—Oh no! not quite alone,  
Near crowds of daisies crowned like snow,  
With honey-hearts of velvet gold;  
And many buds not yet unrolled,  
That on the morrow days,  
Will spread their modest rays.

See! all around this little girl,  
Of asking eyes and blowing curl,  
Stretches a field of waving green,  
Clover and daisy-blooming sheen!  
And mamma sits quite near her child,  
Ready to pick the blossoms wild,  
When Mary's hands reach out to take,  
The stems that they could scarcely break.  
On what a merry happy trill!  
Yes, call it laughter, if you will,  
But I should say it was a bird,  
That we just now in fancy heard!  
So glad she is! for now she sees  
The bright June-daisy companies,  
First time in her three little years—  
She laughs till shining jewel tears  
Spring from pretty eyes;  
And Mary seldom cries.

Now you would think as many growing,  
As if no stems were bent;  
But if this story is worth knowing,  
The baby is content.

Because her little hands are full!  
You must not call her dull,  
But she is "seepy tired," so soon  
Weaned of daisies in sweet June!



## THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

"Thus far," thou time-defying sea,  
With all thy offering waves,  
May'st thou invade a realm as free  
As thine—to number graves!

By old and unrecorded might,  
By all declared of thee,  
Thou never yet has conquered quite,  
Nor sealed immensity!



Man must grow old and change with time,  
 Age hath not altered thee;  
 Thy "history" is force sublime,  
 But 'tis not history!

Tradition chants thy restless power;  
 Old sagas tell of thee;  
 Chronology's first signal hour  
 Looked back upon the sea.  
 I watched thee, one alone, entranced,

Forgetting falsity,  
 And life's stern ills;—men say they chanced—  
 They chanced no more than thee!

Wise Greeks, of mystic figures proud,  
 No numbers tried for thee;  
 Their science and their art were bowed  
 Before thy mystery!

Climbing the solid shelves of rocks,  
 Gazing on mural heights,  
 We ponder earth's volcanic shocks,  
 And wild irruptive nights.

We see thine ancient traces there,  
 The furrows of thy waves—  
 Grand sea! thou hast flowed everywhere,  
 O'er mundane plains and caves!

When all thy close-linked chains are drawn,  
 By currents of the deep,  
 In evening silence, or at dawn  
 When tempest terrors sleep,

We trust thee, riding on thy breast  
 Calmly as if the years,  
 And all the stars, in perfect rest,  
 Had never witnessed tears.

God spread two emblems for our eyes,  
 Of His eternity;  
 The fair and far transparent skies,  
 The vision-boundless sea.

CHORAL AND CHANT.

Again an autumn's melody  
Softens, subdues, and thrills  
Proud hearts and human wills,  
Chanting for all that all must die.

Now, many voiced, the strains commence  
To blend like varied hues  
When prised rays infuse  
Color with color's opulence.

Time's ancient psalmody of morn—  
How swift its echoes roll  
O'er earth and through the soul,  
While nature garners fruit and corn!

Listening, responsive leaves have sighed  
Since hid the August moon;  
Condoling May and June  
That all their youthful roses died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Translate the cadence, heart of flame,  
Whose unconsuming heat  
Forbids thy hope's defeat;  
Music spells oft the poet's name!

Singer, whose lyre is cased in gold,  
Be thou in love a child,  
But never thou a child  
Of song, singing in dreams untold.

Soothe restless thoughts on cradling waves  
Of harmony and grace;  
Aye, in the frowning face  
Of hostile cares, near griefs and graves.

Truth knows thy chanson notes are true;  
Pure spirits taught them first,  
Before a lily burst  
A calyx bound with jeweled dew.

“A BIRD IN LINCOLN’S TOMB.”

Thou knowest, from the steadfast stars  
Earth’s vibrant chords were strung,  
When first the veils were hung  
That soften sunset’s splendid bars.

They trill the tremulos of boughs;  
They move the grasses’ viols  
In mystical denials,  
When fairies would the fays arouse.

They swell the sovereign organ’s throat,  
And make the cricket sing;  
They lift the lark’s high wing,  
And break the awful thunder’s rote.

---

TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

When all the world are sleeping,  
When thought is calm and free;  
In midnight’s hush of beauty,  
My love, I fly to thee!

When stars and air and waters,  
Send forth their angels fair,  
To charm the wandering dreamer,  
I’m with thee, dearest, there!

Entranced with spirit music,  
We ramble through our past—  
Neath shades and hallowed archways—  
’Mid blooms to fair to last!

In paths through meadows winding—  
The emerald plains of bliss—  
And on its rugged mountains,  
Where snow and sunbeams kiss.

The morning of our bridal  
Dawns on us, dear, once more!  
We feel its halcyon promise,  
And live it o’er and o’er!

But then grim storm clouds gather—  
Ay, through the passing years,  
Their thunders are repeated,  
And I awake in tears.

Tears not of dark repining,  
 But joys and griefs o'erflow;  
 Commingling in the fountain,  
 'Ere nature bade them go.

Ah! then life's holiest angels—  
 Hope, faith and trusting love,  
 Around me sing their chorals,  
 And peace is mine, dear love!

---

## THE DEATH OF DE SOTO.

Behold the wasting of a dream—  
 The flickering of life's lamp!—  
 The tents are pitched beside the stream,  
 Low murmurs from the camp  
 Are whispering that the hand of Death  
 Is slowly stealing Soto's breath.

An Indian maiden fans his brow,  
 Her coal-tinged eyes are deep,  
 Her tears as when the south winds blow,  
 Rain as the blossoms weep,  
 Falling on the sufferer's cheek,  
 Whose eye of pride is strangely meek!

He speaks: "Moscoso! no return  
 Shall bid me conquer more;—  
 Ambition's fires have ceased to burn,—  
 Farewell, my native shore!  
 To mortal man I never bowed,  
 But now I meet Jehovah's rod.

"In my own river, folded round  
 With Castile's banner wide,—  
 In midnight's hour, and shades profound,  
 Entomb me in its tide;  
 Consign me to my wave-walled home  
 With lighted torch and roll of drum.

"Unpaled by man, unknown to fear,  
 Alone, O let me sleep!  
 The Conqueror—Discoverer  
 Desives no eye to weep  
 That Soto's watery grave was made  
 Far west of Florida's everglade!

“A BIRD IN LINCOLN’S TOMB.”

“Moscoso! hear, my follower brave,  
 My dying words obey;  
 Cross not the wilderness; the wave  
 More safely shall convey  
 The remnant of my people back  
 From this illusive, dangerous track.”

\* \* \* \* \*

See!—Noiseless through the tent  
 A savage warrior strides!  
 His plume is by the curtain bent,  
 The wampum girdes his sides;  
 His lineaments with war-paint black,—  
 The shades of death precedes his track!

A Natchez chief of vengeful laws,  
 His tawny neck arrayed  
 In chains, of bear and cougar’s claws,  
 With human tresses made;—  
 One hand sustains a war-pipe red,  
 The other emblem ever dread,

A bunch of poisoned arrows, bound  
 With skin of rattle sanke;  
 He broke a silence, deep, profound,  
 As noon upon a waveless lake,  
 As on the couch the gift he flung,  
 Whooping in rage his native tongue!

He then defiant raised the pipe,—  
 No calumet of peace,—  
 The stern, complete, embodied type  
 Of a relentless race!  
 The smoke he puffed but slowly curled,  
 For Soto lingered in the world!

The leader watched the fearful scene,—  
 With one unearthly tone,  
 With deathly unrelenting mien,  
 His arms were upward thrown,  
 Clutching the covering of his bed,  
 As though ’twere lance or rapier dread!

With one fierce bound he forward sprung,  
 His features flashing fire:  
 “St. Jago!” “Spain!” “De Soto!” rung  
 With stern victorious ire;  
 Then death the struggle made complete,—  
 He fell! beside the Indian’s feet.

A flood or gore from mouth and eyes  
Too truly told the tale;  
"Gone! Gone!" Moscoso cries;  
The deep-eyed maiden's wail  
Rose mournful on the forest air,  
As o'er him fell her glossy hair.

Ambition! Ruler of the soul!  
When monarch there thou art,  
To many a strange uncertain goal  
Thou ledest mind and heart;—  
Thou wild inspirer of the breast  
That ever after feels no rest!

The sun had set o'er wave and wild,  
The noon of darkness breathed  
In tainted damps; bright stars were piled  
High up the vault, and wreathed  
The ebon brow of Night, who bade  
A silence chill o'er bluff and glade.

Five hundred torches flaming red  
Illumed the funeral track,  
While holy priest with censer led  
The train o'er waters black.  
And high Te Deum anthems rang,  
And drums sent forth a muffled clang.

With Spain's gay ensign folded round,  
Still upright as in life,  
With sword in hand, by helmet crowned,—  
All powerless for strife,—  
The dark canoe with silent oar  
That corse o'er turbid waters bore.

The shades commingling with the glow  
Sent awe to every man;  
Midway the dark sepulchral stream,  
A signal from the van  
Sunk in the flow each lurid light,  
And all was dark as Stygian night.

As down the lifeless burden fell,  
No noisy splash was heard;  
O'er rippling wave or distant dell  
Went forth no echoing word,  
But slowly turned each fragile bark  
To face the spectral dangers dark.

---

" Song of the Rivers."



“A BIRD IN LINCOLN’S TOMB.”

The wild beasts roaming far and near,  
 Awoke their sullen roar;  
 The Indians in their coverts drear  
 Felt Soto was no more!  
 Still moved the Mississippi on  
 As calmly as in ages gone.

---

UPWARD.

“Look up,” though in the misty night  
 Few stars may be discerned;  
 Look from obscurity of light;  
 Remember, these have burned  
 An eternity unknown to thee!

Upward! sad heart, and listen long,  
 If long the darkness broods,  
 Until the echoes from the song  
 Of holy brotherhoods,  
 Sweetly surround and comfort thee!

Look up, ’mid doubts of mortal sense,  
 In solitude and fear:  
 Jehovah builds the consequence  
 Of good, from year to year;  
 And He commissions thee!

Magi rejoiced to see the Star  
 Breaking centurial gloom:  
 Deliverance is not so far,  
 From the cradle to the tomb,  
 Ofttimes, as sorrow speaks to thee!

Upward!—the soul that emulates  
 Flight of seraphic wings,  
 An atmosphere of joy creates;—  
 It drinks from nectar springs!  
 Brother! such life thy own may be!

Look up then, pilgrim, from the shrine  
 Dearest of all on earth:  
 Press on, desiring love divine—  
 Twice may all souls have birth.  
 Thus saith the Master, God, to thee!



Lo! from the second birth the crown!  
 His jewels for the blest!  
 When staffs are laid forever down;  
 And weary hearts at rest,  
 Forget the dark, tempestuous sea.

---

## GOD'S SIGNAL.

Earth's glory sign: among the stars  
 Of night in Palestine,  
 Mild shepherd eyes a new one saw;  
 Born was the babe divine.  
 Man's troubled soul to save.

Its light unveiled in all the past,  
 Than Pleiades more bright,  
 With mystical refulgence shone,  
 When seraphs in delight  
 Voiced victor glorias.

Lo! these so near the blazing star  
 Might wing, unknown to fear:  
 Its lucent beams no filmy plume  
 Could harm, tho' round its sphere  
 Wings mingled manifold.

In that old morn Judeans asked,  
 "Is Christ so humbly born?  
 Jehovah's word to Israel—  
 'Twas not the hope forlorn,  
 If the Paraclete has come!"

In Persia far, behold the sign,  
 The promised herald star,\*  
 Wise priests of Zoroaster saw:  
 Then journeyed they afar,  
 To proud Jerusalem.

And when before its king they stood,  
 In that prophetic hour,  
 Brief royalty grew tremulous  
 For the boasted Roman power—  
 The Prince of God was born!

\*NOTE—Some of the Magi were the astronomers of the Persian Empire. They are supposed to have discovered a new star in the orient skies, weeks or months before the birth at Bethlehem. At least "certain remarkable appearances in the heavens" at that period are historically recorded.

“A BIRD IN LINCOLN'S TOMB.”

Star of the East! They found the child;  
 No welcome and no feast,  
 Those noble pilgrims sought or found;  
 Before the Virgin Blest  
 Rare gifts they offered Him.

Ages are flown since first the star  
 O'er the manger wondrous shone;  
 God's signal for the Christian year,  
 That Jesus Christ alone  
 Hath peace for human hearts.

---

“WANDERING JEW.”

A purple trinitarian bloom  
 Unfolded to my view;  
 I asked, “how dared a voice presume,  
 To name it, ‘Wandering Jew’?”

A trailing, seldom blooming plant,  
 That almost will not die;  
 It seeks not others to supplant  
 In vital sorcery.

Who made it thus so free to grow?  
 Jehovah of the host  
 Of Israel, so long ago;  
 Whose prestige wonders cost.

This royal hue, these triune rays,  
 Appeal, pathetic now;  
 That noble race of other days,  
 Oppressed, for justice bow.

Shame on this age and that north-land  
 Autocratic, in the East;  
 Where base assumption of command  
 On Hebrew life is cast!

Remember we—o'er all the Earth,  
 God's loving choice of them;  
 And that the Holy Saviour's birth,  
 A “Jew” is not a dream.

The Decalog in Moses' name—  
 Heaven's statute for all time,  
 Before and after Solon came,  
 Insisting rules sublime;

These and the books Mohammedan,  
 Hold emphasis most clear,  
 That man to brother man  
 Should cause no needless tear.

And eloquent within a room,  
 Ere yet I thought or knew,  
 A small incarnadine of bloom,  
 Sighed for the Slavic Jew!

---

CATSKILL PICTURES.

The fringing vendure, toward the stars  
 Outlining solemn heights;  
 Fields sloping far whose harvest bars  
 Divide the earth's deligths,  
 In plenty's indices.

Cloud forms mysteriously fair,  
 When showers depart the dells;  
 Dispelled oft'times in rainbows,—where  
 No sound love's music tells  
 To soulful silences.

Orchards and groves that yearly grow,  
 Unhurt by pruning knife;  
 "Old-fashioned flowers" glad to "blow,"—  
 A world of weedy life  
 In honied chalices.

Homes wide enough for happiness,  
 By roads and winding ways;  
 Where haste and apprehensive stress  
 Of thought, or envious days,  
 Blight no felicities.

The "hollyhocks" of Windermere,  
 And Crasmere's poet-home,  
 Cherished by him whose ardent sphere  
 Was arched by Nature's dome,  
 No chaster grew than these.

Sunflower, the Nation's bloom of pride;  
 Her goldenrod of grace;  
 Arbutus, pearl of mountain side,  
 And splendid Zea Mays,  
 Shine here with royal ease.

The weary soul that would forget  
 That 'tis not always free,  
 Should wander here when violet,  
 And pure anemone,  
 Open their vernal eyes.

The heart that would from self recoil,  
 And love more deep its kind,  
 To rest awhile from Summer toil,  
 Should here new fervor find—  
 Ere all its fervor dies.

---

### WHY DO THEY PERISH?

The following lines are affectionately inscribed to our little friend, Mamie W. Mack, who passed away from her earthly home at Englewood, Ill.' July 30th, 1875, aged eleven years and four months.

"Why do they perish?—the blossoms we cherish—  
 The beautiful are sleeping cold in the clay."

The beautiful—they brighten  
 When soon to pass away;  
 The radiant robe of autumn  
 Conceals its own decay;  
 The chrysalis awakens  
 With gaily mottled wing  
 To make a brief, brief transit  
 Around the tomb of spring.

Magnificence of fountains,  
 Where all the rainbows meet—  
 This sapphire gems and diamonds,  
 Alas! they shine so fleet!  
 Flowers most fair and fragile  
 Are those we love the best;  
 Sweet lilies of the valley  
 Drop early on Earth's breast.

Too soon our rose has faded,  
 Only from our dim sight;  
 Transplanted is the blossom,  
 To love's immortal light;  
 We thought our darling fairer  
 In parting as she smiled,  
 And now her soft voice calling  
 Brings near our angel child.

## A PICTURE.

Gentle Coraline,  
 Dressed in amber-green;  
 Tresses tied with coral strings,  
 Coral from the sea's deep things;  
 Feet as fair as pearls!  
 'Mong the village girls,  
 She, t' ' sweetest of them all,  
 Was not very, very small.

Once these playmates lived beside  
 Rippling waters not so wide  
 As the river Illi oi ;  
 Little brooklet, bright and coy,  
 Indians named it Moccasin;  
 Little fishes gamboled in  
 Moccasin, the streamlet blue,  
 And its name was only Shoe  
     the English tongue.

O'er its bosom hung  
 Mosses from the trees,  
 Vinery draperies  
 Where the breezes sighed;  
 Whip-poor-will could hide

In the sycamores—  
 Mournful bird is he!

Did you ever see  
 Lonely Whip-poor-will,  
 Singing low and ill?

On the grassy floors,  
 By this purling stream—  
 It was just a dream—

Coraline was straying  
 With her mates and playing;  
 Half a dozen girls,  
 With their braids and curls,  
 Red, and white, and gold  
 Dresses, tied and rolled,  
 Over feet as bare  
 As pink apples are!

Do you wish that you  
 By the river Shoe,  
 Playing, need not go to school;  
 Need not ever use a tool!

We must work, not always play;  
 We must study all the way,  
 Traveling in this world of ours;  
 In the thickets; 'mid the flowers;  
 By the streamlets; on the plains;  
 In the winter; in the spring;  
 When the sun shines; when it rains;  
 Singing when the robins sing;  
 Merry when the autumn snows  
 For a season hide the rose;  
 Knowing that the Lord will bring  
 Beauty out of every thing.

---

## A BROKEN SONG.

"Once I heard a lady singing,  
 'Time is winging, time is winging,  
 Flying fast as light;  
 Speeding day and night!  
 We can never see his wings,  
 But we know he silent brings—  
 Knowledge, sorrow, joy.'

"I am but a little boy,  
 And I heard her singing so,  
 Saying things I did not know!  
 What is time that flies so fast,  
 That we cannot see him go,  
 If he shoots so quickly past  
 With a rushing whirring sound,  
 Is he high above the ground?"

Boy, thinkest thou old Time's a bird,  
 Like the eagle? Hast thou heard  
 That he ever trilled or cooed,  
 Like the cuckoo, or the dove,  
 'Round a nest in tender love,  
 In the dell, or in the wood?  
 Never was he made for eyes,  
 Never like a bird that flies,  
 But he numbers all our years;  
 With their many hopes and fears;  
 Counts the days that we  
 Yet may live to see,  
 As he did for millions dead;  
 Like a picture wide outspread,  
 Swiftly all things he surveys,  
 But he cannot lengthen days:



Things that spread the world around,  
 Never do they make a sound;  
 Never seen and never heard—  
 What a wondrous spirit bird!

All things as he counts, are sure  
 Just their season to endure;  
 Seconds, moments, days and years,  
 Clouds and sunshine, skies and spheres!  
 All may sometime pass away  
     While he flies  
     With no eyes  
 Such as ever you might see!  
 What a solemn mystery!  
 Many things are strange;  
 Many things must change,  
 While we all must wait,  
 Opening of the gate  
 To eternity.  
 'Tis not sad to die  
 If our souls may enter in,  
 Freed from every wrong and sin;  
 Pearly gates of Paradise,  
 Where "old time" no longer lies!

---

## BESIDE THE SEA.

"Eternity—Eternity—  
 God and Eternity!"  
 Thus ever and forever  
 Singeth the solemn sea.

"Eternity—Eternity—  
 Man and Eternity—  
 Remember ever ever!"  
 Singeth the solemn sea.

"Eternity—Eternity—  
 Hope and Eternity—  
 Hopeless be never!"  
 Chanteth the cheerful sea.

"Eternity—fraternity—  
 Love for Eternity—  
 God loveth forever!"  
 Murmurs the patient sea.



"Eternity—Eternity—  
 God and Eternity—  
 Worship forever! "  
 Whispers the stormless sea.

---

### A TRIBUTE.

Thrice hail! my steadfast natal hills!  
 Fair Berkshire's dignate heights serene,  
 Where chestnut, oak and evergreen  
 Tower above earth's brightest rills,  
 Fraternal lakes, and streams that woe the sunny vales.

Life's dearest feelings, finest, best,  
 When mind is troubled, heart forlorn,  
 Unseen 'round spots where we were born,  
 In soft investing fancy rest;  
 When thus remembrance to some ears is mute we're  
 blest.

Though one hath wandered since a child,  
 And grown to care's maturest task ,  
 If stranger voices of him ask  
 What region first upon him smiled,  
 His heart beats young; its wakened joy beats new and  
 wild!

And though a man hath sombre grown  
 Since in the flush of youth he started,  
 With one look backward—earger-hearted—  
 Through contests seen and strifes alone,—  
 Speak of his earliest home you hear his fervent tone!

Have we not lived as ancients said,  
 Somewhere in an existence past.  
 Some sphere by cloudless skies o'ercast,  
 Known now by chance to dear ones dead,  
 Whence we with memories released shall come at last?

God tells us not. If so it be,  
 This love of "Father-land" and home  
 From such seed sprang. Though man may roam  
 On earth a troubled century,  
 'Tis rooted deep in souls endowed with loyalty.

Ye who have lived your years in view  
Of Housatonic's sentinels,  
That guard but never bar its dells,  
Ye have not thought I envied you!  
Favored of heaven! know ye that exile joys are few?

---

## A MEMORY OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

A bride upon a morning fair,  
To coronate her flowing hair,  
No wreath above her veil would wear  
Than snow-drops gathered there.

White waxen fruit of blossoms small,  
It grew beside the old church wall—  
Named for the brave apostle Paul,—  
This ornament was all.

The brother—with no man's consent—  
Climbed the low fences's battlement,  
Nor felt afraid that thus he spent  
Moments which sadness meant.

Too soon for him that morning sped;  
He saw his child-like sister wed,  
Then hid himself, boy tears to shed,  
By some strange prescience led.

More years than you may care to know,  
Those faded buds once fair as snow,  
I've kept, their little tale to show.—  
Ay, souls like seeds may grow!

Dear echoes of the star-set spire,  
In its dolorous hour of fire,  
The music of sublime desire  
Ascension lifted higher!

Grand walls and aisles, your counted years,  
Of worship, consolation, tears  
Repentant, peace, seraphic spheres  
Have garnered in God's years!

Your worshippers in Jesu's name,  
New consecration from the flame,  
A "restoration" will proclaim,  
Exalting holy flame.

## "FOR THOU WILT LIGHT MY CANDLE."

If in the dark its ray hath ceased,  
 When pains and pantings are increased;  
     If colder cramps the air,  
 And earthquakes tremble all the ground,  
 And night is fearfully profound,—  
     Thou, Lord, canst make it fair!

If friends around love's atmosphere  
 Draw clouds that start the burdened tear,  
     And harshly faithless prove;  
 If hopes are dashed by adverse winds,  
 And these bend low the singing pines,—  
     Thou, Lord, hast light above!

The feeblest taper, glimmering faint,  
 That flickers like a wild complaint;  
     Then lost like beauty lost,—  
 God can with added flame restore  
 To make it burn forevermore,  
     And ask of thee no cost!

When in the dungeon of the mind  
 Thou canst no glowing promise find  
     Of all-pervading light;  
 Shut close thine eyes; believe and pray,  
 And lo! the soul's effulgent day,  
     To shine, forever bright!

If thou hast blown thy candle out  
 With unpremeditated doubt,  
     And wonder if 'twill burn  
 Again upon thy lonely hill,  
 Barren of all but grief and ill,—  
     There's one can make it burn!

## A SONG OF PARTING.

O, never shone the Evening Star  
 So bright o'er pathway leading far,  
 As on that eve anear the sea,  
 When love unseen flew after thee!

What sorrows yet to life may come,  
I know not, and I long for home  
Amid the stars; but thee to bless  
I'd linger in the wilderness!

Thy pure mimosa heart, I fear,  
May Suffer trials chill and drear;  
Within this changeful world of ours,—  
For thee I'd gather all its flowers!

Thy gift of song not all may know,  
As I have felt its fervent glow;—  
I pray no angel melodies  
Shall close too soon thy dreamful eyes!

Thy soul attuned by Nature fine,  
Fraternal kindred hath to mine;  
It will not chide this song to thee,  
For purest love is always free!

---

A LITTLE ACCIDENT.

Only a little salt,  
Dropped in a shining glass  
That a little water held—  
You ask what came to pass!

The water was thoughtlessly poured  
Upon a window flower;  
It withered then and drooped,  
Fading in one short hour.

“I've heard there are salts in the earth  
That help give plants their food;  
How could the flowers be killed  
With that God says is good?”

O, yes, and, wondering child,  
If carefully you look,  
Many answers you will find  
In God's most sacred book!

A little, and not too much  
Of many things will do;  
Just to be pleased is pleased;  
Just to be true is true!

This is temperance, you see;  
 Be always temperate;  
 In some things self deny;  
 In all be moderate.

"Pshaw! that's not poetry! ' '  
 I think I hear you say;  
 No, 'tis a little truth,  
 Told in a little way.

### TO MY FATHER ON HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Art thou in thy far "mountain home,"  
 Numbering thy vanished years to-day?  
 Alone do thy slow footsteps roam,  
 Pondering on thy childrens play  
 In summer hours departed long,—  
 So like a vanished strain of song!

Or there beneath the cedars grand  
 Bends low thy sad and thoughtful head,  
 Bestowing on thy native land  
 Sighs for its glory dead!  
 The dull-red glimmer of its shield  
 Mistaken "glory of the field! "

Dear father, almost loth am I  
 To count the shadows of thy years,  
 And, O I cannot tell thee why  
 A seal is on the font of tears,  
 But feeling like the ocean deep,  
 A calm exterior may keep!

Three score! Thy cycles one by one  
 Have left their impress on my face;  
 Fancy wings back to childhood gone,  
 But no forgetting can erase  
 Those lines of age, and curves of thought  
 By Time's unwonted pencil wrought.

To-day I'd rove that vale with thee,  
 And breathe its pure elixir air;—

My heart so bounding when 'tis free  
 Nature's wild harmony to share,  
 Would almost back to infancy  
 And rest upon thy parent knee.

O tell me not of radiant bloom  
 Beneath the summit's snowy band,  
 My soul so longs once there to roam  
 On grass that springs from golden sand  
 Where meeting seasons blend their charms  
 And summer smiles in winter's arms!

The future gives no promise yet,  
 And I must leave thee, father, still,  
 Almost alone, thy mud eyes wet  
 With vapor from affection's rill,  
 But God is round thee, ever there,  
 As safe thou art, by heavenly care!

---

## IN DURHAM WOODS.

The voices of the forest,  
 Where stately pines, and old,  
 Stand firm with oaks whose ages  
 No human count has told;—  
 When breezes of the sunset  
 Attune their leaf-strung lyres,  
 Rebuke in solemn cadence,  
 Self-thought and self-desires.

Some peaceful so may listen,  
 And hear as some may not,  
 Over etherial oceans,  
 Music almost forgot.  
 Childhood's contented carols  
 Of sweet existence here,  
 With soft adoring anthems  
 From Love's diviner sphere.

Say not your heart is lonely!  
 List, where all else is still  
 Save voices of the forest,  
 And love your soul shall fill;—  
 Your tired or troubled being,  
 Truth's harmonies serene,  
 Will calm from every murmur—  
 Perchance for what has been.

---

## IMMORTALITY (?)

Who of the humblest—man or woman—in a later age,  
 May not impress the thoughts of beauty or divert the  
 sage?



'Tis accident, not destiny, a thousand times and ways,  
Which may commemorate a man and twine his name with  
bays.

"Memorial sketches;" tales of old romance; historic  
scenes;  
We note as though no century of shadow intervenes.

Obscurest names in living, dignate, typographic line.  
Claim perpetuity while in dim caves no gem may shine.

Whether endowed with art divine, or soul-imparting song;  
Whether a pampered servant in a sovereign's well-paid  
throng;

Whate'er your occupation, base or semi-grand, your name  
Futurity may trace with one who earned the noblest fame.

#### A PHEBE-BIRD'S NEST.

October's latest days  
Had strewn the forest's ways  
    With leaves that crowned the Summer  
in crispy avalanches  
They slid beneath bare branches,  
And buried insect hummer.

Mosses green, crimped and gray,  
And fadeless vines at play,  
    Embossed and wreathed the ledges;  
The chestnut's frost-sprung burr,  
The oak's interpreter,  
Dropped o'er their serrate edges.

The acorn might have told,  
Not of an age of gold,  
    But wonderful creations,  
That in its embryo lay curled  
Things to enchant the world  
In diverse lands and nations.

As through eternal day,  
Our vision spread away  
    Around the Catskills dreamy;  
Assurance traced their forms  
Above the plane of storms,  
Cradled like islands creamy.



Not I a sovereign singer,—  
 O'erawed, I could not linger  
     Upon this mountain lofty;  
 Deep in the rock below  
 Something my friend would show,  
     And down we clambered softly.

It was a wild descent  
 Of verge and battlement,  
     To find the unhewn portal;—  
 A structure old as Time,  
 Arches like truth sublime,  
     Finished by no hand mortal!

'Twas entered where the rays  
 Only in Summer days  
     Might penetrate at noonday;  
 There, on a narrow shelf,  
 Some tiny artist elf  
     Had built in some past June-day!

We spared the lonely nest  
 Lined from the feathered vest  
     Of Phebe and her lover;  
 A trophy for a vase,  
 We left it in its place,  
     To tempt some future rover.

What beautiful caprice  
 Sought covert sole as this,  
     Unfanned by leaflets swinging!  
 To find a bird's nest there,  
 So strange it was, and rare—  
     To that stern rock-wall clinging.

Another Spring is born,  
 The branches bare and lorn  
     With life's new blood are panting;  
 What if the same two birds,  
 Wedded by unknown words,  
     The olden nest are haunting?

---

#### A SONG FOR CHEERFULNESS.

In hero-halls of solitude,  
 Where memories and mysteries brood,  
 I would not linger if I could.

In deep and dark and voiceless caves,  
On shoreless, stormy midnight waves,  
Nor 'mid the mournful peace of graves.

For trackless forests 'though they're good,  
Because created by our God,  
I have not oft a longing mood.

For desolate and desert plains,  
Though on their green oasis rains  
May sometimes fall, I sing no strains.

Tr rock-highs where the eagle flies,  
Proudly so near the wondrous skies,  
I would not lift my envious eyes.

For thoughts of sorrows nowhere near,  
Which on my path may not appear,  
I will not shed a needless tear.

I love the sunshine and the day,  
Where flitting shades with brightness play,  
And living things may safely stray,

I love the gentle noonday breeze,  
Laden with aromas to please,  
Which mortal vision never sees.

I love the hour of early morn,  
When Beauty and Joy are newly born,  
And Night conceals her realm forlorn.

I love not spots unknown to noise,  
But with the birds would blend my voice,  
And with all creatures I'd rejoice.

Say not by this that I am blind,  
To Virtue's holy, serious mind,  
For truth in all things all may find.

And all the suffering and sad  
I would, if possible, make glad,  
Nor ever vainly wish I had.

We may be thoughtful as we smile,  
Repentant of all sin and guile,  
Happy and grave and wise, the while.

LOVE'S FANTASY.

I.

I dreamed:  
 It was no vision-rose perfumed;  
 I saw no vale where lilies bloomed;—  
     It seemed  
 A height in sombre barricade  
 Of sunles pines and rock-facade,  
     Star-crowned,  
 In Ether's conquering realm of old;  
 Its base in cloud of filmy fold  
     Was bound.

II.

Again  
 My lonely sleep's enchantment led  
 Where never human words were said;  
     Where pain  
 Had ne'er implored its antidote;  
 Where consciousness was life afloat.  
     And free  
 From weight material and death;  
 And there, lost one, a songful breath  
     Found thee!

---

DISENCHANTMENT.

Stars of my childhood's sky,  
 Immeasurably high,  
 Above all Science has to tell;  
 Might your enchanting spell  
 Return from those ecstasies years,  
 Earth nevermore would chide my tears!

Flowers in childhood's hand,  
 No bloom of any land  
 Comparison has now,  
 With bloom of long ago;  
 Daisies my mother named for me  
 Were whiter than I yet should see.

Fruits to the child endeared,  
 No apple ever sphered  
 In luscious gold and red,  
 Hanging o'er the childish head,  
 Was half so beautiful to me  
 As shone upon grandfather's tree.

Birds, sweetest friends of mine,  
 Whose harmonies divine  
 I love transcendently;—  
 They come from God to me,  
 Lo! all their joy and soulful breath  
 Must end in silence that is death.

Waters of one pure stream,  
 Whose mountain birth and gleam  
 My infant home carest;  
 A heart in eager quest  
 Of changelessness, beside  
 My bright symbolic tide  
 Sighs, "even here to me  
 Some grace is gone I once could see! "

\* \* \* \* \*

O, other loves than these!  
 A woman fond to please  
 The breathing idol, man!  
 Then weariness began;  
 Love's failures, clouds and fears;—  
 Roses not roses of past years!

---

#### MISSIONARY GRAVES.

Under the trees,  
 Baobab, mango, palm,  
 The grand protecting trees  
 In wildernesses calm,  
 In islands of the seas,  
 In lands far apart,  
 Has slept each fervent heart.

Under the sky,  
 Day-dawn, and noon, and night;  
 When storms send currents high,  
 When airs move soft and light,  
 Angel serenity,  
 Holds silence pure around,  
 Their mortal rest profound.

Lo! where they are,  
'Mid sands, and vines, and trees,  
O'er all shines many a star,  
And glory that Christ sees!  
Where fell his soldiers far,  
If not the regal rose,  
Some gentle blossom grows.

Meek Coan \* lies,  
Where Mauna Loa's crest,  
Uplifts old mysteries,  
From green Hawaii's breast;  
Where rhythmic waves devise,  
Requiems for Jesus' child,  
Whom earth nor man defiled.

Far from the East,  
Truth's conquering radiance streamed  
On faith's baptismal feast,  
A mission banner blest!  
When first on Burmah gleamed  
All christian creeds and speech  
Brave Judson's fervor teach.

And who lie here?  
In Afric's western sands,  
And fever atmosphere,  
Interred by mourner's hands,  
With consecrating tear!  
They who for Mendi sailed,  
With youthful hearts unquailed.

No earthly loom  
Has woven robes like theirs!  
Not folded in the tomb,  
They shine in glory-spheres;  
Where seraphs gave them room,  
Where pain, disease, and sin,  
Can never enter in.

The Saviour spoke  
The syllables these caught;  
And as the mighty oak  
Was once an acorn-thought,  
All safe from tempest-stroke,  
What truth has grown from seeds,  
Of missionary deeds!

---

\* Rev. Titus Coan, recently deceased, at Hilo, Hawaii.

## TRINITY CHIMES.

From the past,  
 Through the soul  
 Soft they roll;  
 "Come at last;  
 Gone at last;  
 Nevermore.  
 Evermore."  
 Hear their braided symphony;  
 "Ye shall die. All shall die."  
  
 "On the stony floor tread firm;  
 You shall crush no helpless worm,  
 Decay is under  
 And around;  
 Ringing wonder  
 Above the ground,  
 We shall ring  
 Many a Spring  
 Change surrounds us;  
 Change below us;  
 We shall change  
 When all things strange  
 Congregate  
 And settle fate,  
 Wither, fade, dissolve or crumble,  
 Time when every soul shall humble."  
  
 Ring again!  
 Dividing strain;  
 Mark the voiceless passing  
 Of Autumnal hours;  
 Signal truth and love surpassing;  
 Is this moment ours?  
 "All the struggle and the bustle  
 Of the counting-room and pave,  
 Give our messengers no rustle,—  
 We are chiming for the grave."  
 Sound again;  
 Subdue the clangor;  
 Soften pain,  
 And vanquish anger;  
 "We traveled from the star-crowned past;  
 We cannot stay,  
 We must away  
 While weds the future to the past."



Soft as music for the dying;  
 Solemn as tablets fallen, lying;  
     Ringing, pealing,  
     Mystery revealing,  
     Mystery concealing,  
 They're not weary  
     For they're eternal;  
     Time's not dreary.  
     To thought supernal,  
 Cadences that chime,  
 Monotones for time,  
     With melody repeated  
     They hold secreted  
 The psalms of Trinity,  
 And echo through the pensive soul,

---

## ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

Once in a hundred years,  
 Once in a hundred years  
     For human weal and woe  
     Numbers array them so:  
 Once in a hundred years,  
     In shadow and light,  
     In daytide and night.

Signs by star measures told,  
 Ere earth hid deep her gold,  
     Or Eden's rivers ran,—  
     Before the life of man,  
 Ere history grew old,  
     For land and sea  
     Waited there for thee.

Not dreamily between  
 Things seen or unseen,  
     Of soul, and breath, and thought,  
     Witness of all that's wrought,  
 A form of noble mien,  
     Commands us "pray  
     And hope away!"

Ask now the stranger year  
 Why numbers thus appear!  
     In measures each the same,  
     In outline one, in name,—  
 A century brought them here!  
     Mystic to you and me,  
     The future bears their key.

## SUMMER PERFUMES.

Once by a rose, or violet,  
 Or lily, prophecy  
 Some eyes might read,—forget  
 The idyl myth who may  
 Then came deficiency;  
 With spring returns of purple bloom,  
 'T was asked, "Where went the sweet perfume?  
 We must have lost the way!"

Who never thought, "perpetually  
 Blossoms will breathe the same  
 Rich incense, blended from the sky,  
 With sometimes altered name!"  
 Reject the myth, who may—  
 One flower, the faithful heliotrope,  
 Is changeless for the gentle hope  
 Of pilgrim on his way.

The lilies of the echo vale,  
 By "culture" undeformed,  
 Ring never in dolorous wail,  
 Though winds have round them stormed;—  
 Believe the myth, who may—  
 Soft odors of the vine, unseen  
 How linger they our moons between,—  
 From June to winter day!

Magic of honeysuckle balm,—  
 Wealth of the summer air,  
 Potent a grieving soul to calm,  
 Love silent to declare,—  
 Believe the myths, I say—  
 Distil such sweets and wines as these,  
 Man, if you can, from plants or trees,—  
 If your enchantments may.

Like any luscious fruit of earth,  
 Flavored for Eden food;—  
 A benison of lesser worth  
 Had God not called it good,—  
 Labor a long life's day—  
 So give its subtle fragrance; then,  
 "'Aggamemnon,' king of men!"  
 Your fellows all shall say.

“AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.”

Rev. xxii. 5.

No night in Paradise! No night  
Where Jesus lives, and waits  
For his dear friends to come, through bright,  
Golden and pearly gates!

No night of wintry storm, or cold,  
Of pathless, drifting snow;  
No sunless shadow on the fold  
He loved so well below!

No night by tempest lightnings riven  
None such as chill the poor,  
When summer and its bloom is driven  
Behind the autumn's door.

No night for hearts to weep, or mourn,  
And wish joy's morn to come;  
Nor any day that seems forlorn,  
In that immortal home.

No night for stars to shine afar,  
No place for changing moon,  
Where Jesus is the noon-day star  
And all the hours are noon!

No night, because He is the sun  
Of righteousness and grace;  
The holy and forgiving one,  
Image of God's own face!

---

SONNET.

Happy the favored souls who know thy sigh,  
Maid of imagination's voiceless song,  
Who smilest on thy lovers in a throng!  
Happy who feel thy pitying breath a tie  
Binding them to thine immortality,  
While they may live thy ideal sweets among,  
And beauty's tender worship thus prolong,  
Dreaming of love's forever; 'tis to live

Where prest rose harvests fill the silver urns  
 With otto, where Damascus' waters glide;  
 Or where vast fields of lilies, crushed, condense  
 Nectar, that lit by passion's torches burns  
 To thrilling ecstasy, which purified  
 Unites the seraph's with the mortal's sense.

---

#### COLUMBIA'S SYMBOLS—TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Dews, when ye silent gather,  
 In halcyon or windy weather,  
 As light as any feather  
     Spangle the Mayflower o'er!

Stars, down between the branches  
 Send your fair avalanches,  
 And sunshine, when it dances,  
     Soft on this blossom pour!

Modest, with beauty's yearning,  
 Your coronet unspurning,  
 Its candle will be burning,  
     For liberty and power.

In all the veiled hereafter,  
 Though fools may scoff in laughter,  
 And Envy scale Truth's rafter,  
     'Twill bloom as heretofore.

Know this, pretentious ages!  
 Give ear, ye solemn sages,  
 Forbear, storm-ire that rages—  
     This bloom prints Freedom's lore!

Arbutus graceful trailing,  
 Amid brown mosses vailing,  
 Thy pink-wax clusters, hailing,  
     Thy fragrance, we adore!

Unfolding fair and slowly,  
 Hardy, profuse, and lowly,  
 On mountain bosoms holy,  
     Gem of Columbia's shore!

Adorning spring-time early,  
 When young leaves crisp and curly  
 Defy the frost king surly,  
     We love thee more and more!

Mayflower! Anew we name thee!  
 A nation now we claim thee—  
 No dastard e'er defame thee,  
 Symbol forevermore!

Rose, thistle and the clover,  
 The fleur de lis, that rover,  
 These of the ensigns over,  
 The sea, we ask no more.

And not deny the Donor  
 With all her grace upon her,  
 And not deny the donor  
 Who brought the ship to shore?

Though all the lands have wondered,  
 And all the tyrants thundered,  
 We count our years an hundred,  
 And time shall count them more.

## ÆOLIAN DIALECTS.

Man frames no language, own no key  
 To interpret these;  
 The wide and wild, blue-templed sea,  
 The whispering trees,  
 Alone have voice—solemnity  
 And ecstasies,  
 To echo and articulate the changeful wind.

Nature refuses, sovereign young,  
 And regent old,  
 Proud mastery of the mystic tongue,—  
 Not overbold.  
 For Babylonian willows hung  
 With harps were told  
 Silence to keep when thought stirred zephyrs in  
 the mind.

These strophes never mortal lips  
 Wedded to sense;  
 Such music as in sorrow dips  
 The consequence  
 Of happiness in pale eclipse  
 Of hence and whence,  
 Is wrought when wake the voices of the sibyl wind.

\* Shamrock.

What meanest thou that listeth oft  
 Thyself to praise?  
 Moaning, intoning, murmuring soft,  
 "Ancient of Days!"  
 Bearing no oriflamme aloft,  
 Counting no bays,—  
 Whose elements no Paracelsus' gift could bind!

Alas! the soul that never sighed,  
 Alone with God,  
 When fierce, unharnessed winds defied  
 The sky and sod,  
 The starry universe to guide  
 In ways untrod  
 Imagination, venturous, strong-willed and—blind

Spirits of Air! Why do you speak  
 In tempest tones?  
 Philoogy in vain may seek  
 Your sighs and moans,  
 Counting its rules and clauses weak,  
 Building its thrones  
 Of chance for history and time to leave behind.

Phantoms of buried loves, forget  
 Save in the night,  
 Tell us, if such indeed ye're not!  
 Tell us in sight  
 Of truth, the far and storm-loved spot  
 Where in chaste delight  
 Ye were conceived content and terror to unbind.

---

#### A CHILD'S SONG.

Spring! spring!  
 'Tis sweet to sing  
 Thy praises!  
 Sweet, songful spring,  
 So soon to bring  
 Thy daisies!

Spring! spring!  
 Soft opening  
 Thy roses!  
 The breeze's wing  
 Thee welcoming,  
 Reposes!



Spring! spring!  
 The glad birds sing,  
 And lasses!  
 And up they spring,  
 Almost to sing—  
 The grasses!

Spring! spring!  
 Blue-bells will ring,  
 So slender!  
 Lambs gamboling,  
 Rejoice in spring,  
 So tender!

Spring! spring!  
 O thou dost bring  
 Us beauty!  
 Serenest spring,  
 O help us sing  
 Of duty!

Spring! spring!  
 'Tis bliss to sing  
 Forever  
 Of joys that bring  
 No sinful thing,  
 No, never!

---

BABY'S FLOWERS.

Who wonders that the baby  
 Wearies of blossoms sweet?  
 What is so sweet as roses?  
 Ah! baby is as sweet.

She pulls the fragrant petals,  
 But fails to count them all;  
 She tries to place the leaflets,  
 And murmurs that they fall.

\* \* \* \* \*

If we, like thoughtless baby,  
 Waste precious Lenten hours,  
 Their blessings will return not,  
 To bring us heavenly flowers.  
 But if our brightest rose  
 To some tired hand we give;

Denying self for those  
 Who labor hard to live,  
 We will not weary half so soon  
 As baby with her buds of June.

---

### DANDELIONS AND DEAD LEAVES.

We gather dandelions in May,  
 And in October's latest day,—  
 Which were the brightest who shall say?

Which longest shown, Ruth, can you tell?  
 The Earth bears all her blossoms well;  
 How pleasant it is on earth to dwell!

We saw green leaves too, of the May,  
 A canopy above our way,  
 Nor did we think they'd fade away?

But when the grand October came,  
 And maple leaves grew red as flame,  
 Ruth, dear, you asked, "Are they the same?"

Ah! yes, when autumn paints the sky,  
 And faded leaves drop silently,  
 Let us remember, fair things die!

But O how oft they come again,  
 With spring's soft airs and gentle rain;  
 No flower or leaf can die in vain;

God ripens fruit from blossoms dead;  
 Gives wiser years when youth's are fled;  
 New life from death, as Jesus said.

So we from Earth shall surely rise,  
 To live with Him beyond the skies,  
 In happy, holy, Paradise.

---

### NOT TOO SOON.

Ofttimes "too soon"—  
 (Of some when dead  
 This hath been said)  
 Meridian comes;

When mortals sail  
 Before the gale,  
 At morn, or noon,  
 To far-off homes.

And oft they sail  
 In anxious mind,  
 'Tis said perchance,—  
 Lest gales of wind  
 Too soon prevail;  
 And on, and on,  
 When these are gone,  
 Earth storms advance.

So on and on,  
 Long cycles flee,  
 And tides the same,  
 Of life:—of fame,  
 Of joy and woe,  
 Of night and noon,  
 “Come in,” out-flow,—  
 A mighty sea  
 Of mystery!—  
 And souls “too soon”  
 Saith love, are gone.

But ask the flood  
 Of life and Time,  
 If this be true?  
 Answers that come  
 Will be sublime.  
 If you, and you,  
 Have understood;  
 Then not too soon,  
 At morn or noon,—  
 Or ebb-tide low,  
 Or coast-wave flow,—  
 From surf and shore,  
 God's evermore  
 Will bear you home.

---

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

(My sister's last poem.)

We close our eyes—the mystery is deep—  
 This unexplained phenomenon of sleep.  
 “Sister of Death!” not so to me it seems;  
 Death never tells to living ears its dreams,

As our companions may. Upon our shore  
Of being, would He just this little more  
Permit that man might learn, 'mid peace and strife,  
Meaning of Earth's precarious forms of life;  
The certainty of why, and how and whence,  
Created we are to die, or wander hence!







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